Go, Preach My Gospel

Words: A. T. Pierson, 1894
Music: Harry Sanders

1. Far down the ages comes that voice, Majestic with command,
   "Proclaim My grace to all the race In every distant land."
   A dearth of bread o'er earth is spread, And only Jesus saves.
   And shall Thy blood for sinners shed, In vain, my Savior, flow?
   O let Thy call be heard by all: "Go, preach My Gospel, go!"

2. The voice of millions, lost in sin, Rolls up like ocean waves;
   A dearth of bread o'er earth is spread, And only Jesus saves.
   With bread to spare shall we not heed This cry of want and woe?
   Time runs to waste; He bids us haste: "Go, preach My Gospel, go!"
   Quick to obey, when Thou dost say "Go, preach My Gospel, go!"

3. The end of ages bringeth near The coming of the Lord—
   Behold He stands; and, in His hands, The crowns of His reward.
   And shall Thy blood for sinners shed, In vain, my Savior, flow?
   The rapture may we know,
   Quick to obey, when Thou dost say "Go, preach My Gospel, go!"

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Go, Preach My Gospel

Refrain

"Go preach, go preach, go preach," go, preach my Gospel, go."

Cres...

Ring out, ring out the Lord's command, "Go, preach my Gospel, go."